Rag

O that existential stamp and sting. They sling the hash w/o the meat and topped by 1/2

a rotten egg. People say demi things sitting around mostly pissed--if they knew.

You get caught flat out, fat-assed, in one of these here

novels, there's no exit, kid (no EX LAX neither) 'cause no-

body gives even a semiauthenic fuck about nothing.